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[For the Transcript.]

## Chimes.

ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH.

Ring out, soft bells, in upper air,  
Nearest the stars, our pleading prayer!

Our faltering prayers, our hymns of praise,  
Above us far, in beauty raise!

Above the city's heat and din,  
Above its putrid breath of sin,

Above each feeble human tone,  
That here and there praise God alone,

Ye plead for all! While all unseen,  
The listening angels earthward lean,

Harkening the music far and dim,  
That echoes their sweet praise to Him!

Ring loud—ring soft—ye chiming bells!  
No lesson now your own excels,

That bids us hear your music flow,  
Yet think—"some one works hard below!"

Above, such sweetness on the breeze—  
Below, some hand must strike the keys!"

We build our lives so like to this—  
Above the Starry Field of Bliss,

The waiting Angels and the Light—  
Below, the Darkness and the Night;

We groping dimly, the right note  
To strike, whose music tone shall float

Above us to the Master's ear,  
That He may know we serve Him here!

So we below work day by day—  
Thank God, if He hears far away,

Above us all, some music flow,  
From us, who strike the keys below!

Dec. 17th, 1861.

## From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 306.)

Rome, Dec. 7, 1850.

To-day again I do not come to the full letter which I meant to write. God knows how the time flies here. This week I have made the acquaintance of several very amiable English families, who promise me again delightful winter evenings; I am with Bunsen a great deal; I mean too to get a true taste of Bains. I believe he regards me as a "*bruttissimo Tedesco*," so that I can learn to know him splendidly. With his compositions, to be sure, one has not a great way to go; and so in fact it is with all the music here. There may be plenty of will perhaps; but the means are lacking utterly. The orchestras are below all conception; Mlle. Carl\* is engaged as *prima donna assoluta* for the season at both of the principal theatres; she has already arrived and begins to make *la pluie et le beau temps*. The papal singers are really getting old; they are almost wholly unmusical, hit even the most tradi-

\* Formerly singer in the Royal Theatre at Berlin.

tional pieces incorrectly, and the whole choir consists of 32 singers, who are never together though. Concerts are given in the Philharmonic Society so-called, but only with a piano; orchestra there is none; and lately when they wanted to try to give Haydn's "Creation," the instruments thought it impossible to play it. How the wind instruments sound, nowhere in Germany has one the least conception.

Now since the Pope is dead, and the conclave commences on the 14th, and so what with the ceremonies of the burial and what with those of the elevation of the new Pope a great part of the winter passes, and is lost for all music and all larger assemblages, I almost doubt if I shall come to any regular public undertaking here; but I am not sorry for it, because inwardly I enjoy so much here and of such various kinds, that there is little harm done if I carry it round with me a while and try to work.

The performance of Graun's *Passion* in Naples, and especially the translation of Sebastian Bach only show, how the right must finally prevail. They will not seize hold of, and will not enkindle the living sense of the people; but therein it is not worse, than with their sense for all the other arts, but rather better; for when you see a part of the Loggia of Raphael scratched away by an unspeakable and incomprehensible barbarism, to make room for scribbings with lead pencil; when the entire beginning of the ascending arabesques is quite annihilated, because Italians with penknives, and God knows how, have inscribed their miserable names there; when somebody paints below the Apollo Belvidere, with great emphasis and still greater letters: Christus!; when right before Michael Angelo's Last Judgment an altar is erected, so large, that it exactly hides the middle of the picture, and so disturbs the whole; when cattle are driven through the majestic halls of the Villa Madam, where Giulio Romano has painted the walls, and vegetables are stored there, out of sheer indifference to the Beautiful,—then indeed we have something much worse than a bad orchestra; something that must annoy a painter much more, than wretched music does me. The people are indeed inwardly diseased and dissipated. They have a religion, and believe not in it; a Pope and superiors, and laugh at them; they have a clear brilliant Past, and it stands far from them; no wonder that they do not enjoy Art—if they are so indifferent to all that is earnest. The indifference about the death of the Pope, the unseemly merriment at the ceremonies is positively shocking. I have seen the corpse on the bed of state, and the priests who stood about it were continually whispering to one another, and then laughing. At this moment in the church where masses are read for his soul, there are carpenters at work continually on the scaffolding of the catafalque, so that with the ringing blows of the axe, and the noise of the workmen, one can hear nothing of the religious service. As soon as the cardinals are in conclave, out come the satires

upon them, in which for example they parody the litany, and, instead of the evils for the end of which they pray, they always name the peculiarities of well-known Cardinals. Or they have a whole opera performed by Cardinals; one being the *primo amoroso*, another *tiranno assoluto*, a third lamplighter, and so on. This could not be where people were inspired by Art. Formerly it was not better, but then they believed in it, and that makes the difference.

But Nature, and the warm December air, and the line from the Alban hills along down to the sea,—all that remains just so; then there can cut no names and write no inscriptions—every one can enjoy that fresh, all by himself, and that is what I hold to! A man is wanting to me here, to whom I might impart all very openly; who could read my music as it originates and make it doubly dear to me; with whom I could rest and refresh myself completely, and learn from him right candidly (he need not be a very wise man for that). But since the trees were not meant to grow up into the sky, as they say, so probably the man will not be found here; and a good fortune, which I have had everywhere else in very rich measure, will just here fail me. Here then I must hum to myself, and it will be all right.

FELIX.

Translated for this Journal.

## Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KNEISLE.

(Continued from page 307.)

It was a consequence of Schubert's acquaintance with Vogl, that these two brothers in spirit, lovers of beautiful nature, whose sight probably inspired the former with many a beautiful song, in the fair season of the year shook off the dust of the residence from their feet, and, like wandering bards, traversed the blooming districts of Upper Austria and Salzburg, to refresh themselves in God's free world, and now in rare old cloisters, now in the cities of the charming land, set their glorious, now everywhere famous strains resounding. Everywhere they were welcome; they were joyfully received as worthy guests into the religious establishments; and the cities of Linz, Gmunden and Steyer did not fail to celebrate their presence each time as an extremely desirable event for the friends of German song.

These wanderings were repeated several times and commonly reached their goal in Salzburg or in Gastein. With the exception of these and a couple of excursions to Hungary (Zeléz and Eisenstadt), Schubert never in his whole life went beyond the immediate neighborhood of his paternal city; its charming environs were enticing enough, for that matter, to draw him out after the labor of the day, in the company of friends, and let him find refreshment and impulse for new creations in the free sense of Nature.

In the house of Matthäus von Collin (tutor of the Duke of Reichstadt) Schubert became ac-

quainted with Counsellor Mosel, well known as a composer and musical literateur, with the Orientalist von Hammer-Purgstall, the Count Moritz Dietrichstein, the authoress Caroline Pichler, and the Patriarch Ladislaus Pyrker, also esteemed as poet, who all took a lively interest in his achievements. Especially did the Patriarch delight in Schubert's songs, as appears from the following letter, dated Venice, May 18, 1821, which Pyrker addressed to Schubert, when the latter had begged him to accept the dedication of that book of songs, in which "The Wanderer" is found.

"Highly esteemed Sir!

"Your kind proposal, to dedicate to me the fourth book of your incomparable songs, I accept with all the greater satisfaction, that it will often recall to me that evening, when I was so much impressed by the depth of your soul—particularly as expressed in the tones of your 'Wanderer'! I am proud to belong to one and the same Fatherland with you, and I remain with the highest regard

"Your most devoted,  
"Johann L. Pyrker, m|p  
"Patriarch."

Some years later (1825) he met these patrons at the baths of Gastein, to which he had undertaken a pleasure excursion in company with Vogl. His stay there was particularly quickening to him through his intercourse with Pyrker and other men attached to him, and he used to count the days spent there among the finest of his life. In the year 1822 he composed to a text by Schober his first larger opera: "Alfonso and Estrella." Probably on account of the circumstances of the theatre at that time being unfavorable to German music; or from some other of the many causes which, as experience shows, prevent a work destined for the stage from coming to performance; then too because it did not lie in Schubert's character to push such a business energetically, even though it was for his own interest; this opera never was performed in the composer's native city; and even when a prospect opened for it, it proved vain at last.

In the year 1823 Carl Maria von Weber came to Vienna, to superintend in person the bringing out of his opera "Euryanthe," composed for the Kärnthner-theater. This followed on the 25th of October, 1823. The Viennese had expected a music which, like that of the "Freyschütz," would hit the black at once. These expectations, however, were deceived; for instead of the captivating arias, duets and choruses, which had soon become so popular, here were long extended recitatives, leading into songs also recitative-like in their style, and borne upon a heavy, often not easily comprehended orchestral accompaniment, sometimes overpowered by it, so that they sounded strange to the ear of the general public accustomed to the rounded form of the aria. Weber had broken with the past traditions of the opera, and, leaning to Gluck's manner, but far outstripping him in the romantic flight of his imagination and in his most developed art of orchestration, he had come forward with a work, which may be regarded as the beginning and foretype of the musical drama of our day. In its lofty beauty it is unreachd, not to say unsurpassed, by other works which follow the same principle.

Schubert, just then a child of his age, and yet a king in the realm of melodies, could not find much to his taste in this austere, ascetic music, as

it seemed to him; and, frank as he was, he expressed himself in this sense against the composer. There is too little melody in it he thought; the *Freyschütz* is indeed quite another thing.\*

Weber had met Schubert soon after his arrival in Vienna, and several times afterwards, and was greatly interested in him. He had promised him to bring out the opera "Alfonso and Estrella" in Berlin. The score travelled thither; but the opera remained unperformed; and it is possible, indeed, as has been oftentimes asserted, that the author of *Freyschütz* and *Euryanthe*, mortified by the failure of the latter opera † and by Schubert's judgment on it, did not have the production of Schubert's work so much at heart, as might have been expected from his promise.‡

Within the same year falls the composition of a *Tantum ergo* in D, and, as a matter of course, many songs, among which: "Willkommen und Abschied" (welcome and farewell), "Frühlingsglaube" (Spring faith), "Einsamkeit" (Loneliness) "Der Wachtelschlag," "The Rose," "The Son of the Muses" and "Sister's Greeting."

The following year is marked by the composition of "Fierabras," a heroic-romantic opera in three acts, the text by Kupelwieser. In that year he composed a Piano Sonata in A minor; a Sonata for Piano and *Arpeggione* in A minor; and for songs: "Pilgerweise" (Pilgrim strains), "Der zürnende Barde" (the enraged minstrel), "Der Zwerg" (the dwarf), "Forget me not," "Du bist die Ruh" (Thou art therest), *Drang in die Ferne* (Impatience to go abroad), to be sung on the water, "Viola," and, finally, the alike popular and famous "Miller Songs," a cycle of twenty songs, out and out compositions, which bear the most eloquent testimony to the perfected ripeness of the young man of twenty-six. About the same time, too, the music to the play of "Rosamund," by Helmine Chezy, was brought out at the theatre *an der Wien* with great applause.

(To be continued.)

\* It is well known that Weber turned to Beethoven and asked his opinion of the opera, which had been received with little favor. Beethoven said, "The thing is good," and while he advised him not to regard the general voice, he showed him some critiques, in which he (Beethoven) had been advised to study music diligently, accustom himself to a better style, &c., &c.

† Since then the times have changed, and with them the musical understanding also. *Euryanthe*, a superb work of the first rank, is now recognized and appreciated at its full value even in Vienna.

‡ Quite recently Franz List has had *Alfonso and Estrella* brought out in Weimar, but only with moderate success; Schubert himself considered this and *Fierabras* his most successful operas, and the best adapted for performance.

### Royal English Opera.

#### THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

The new opera produced on Saturday last, under the title of the *Puritan's Daughter*, created more than usual interest, inasmuch as it was rumored that Mr. Balfe had at last procured a librettist worthy of his talent. A new book by a rational hand for Mr. Balfe was, indeed, a godsend, and a masterpiece was anticipated—need we add, has been realized? Now that Mr. Balfe has shown himself eager to collaborate with an experienced writer and a scholar, we may look forward even to more brilliant achievements than the *Puritan's Daughter*.

The libretto is by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, a gentleman well known in literary circles for his scholastic attainments, and also as a contributor to the stage in various departments of the dramatic art. The story is ingenious and simple, and not taken from any source with which we are acquainted. The period is that of Charles II. Wolf (Mr. H. Corri), formerly colonel of Cromwell's regiment of "Ironsides," and some Puritans bound in the same cause, have

received information that King Charles, accompanied by a small escort, intends making a journey from London to Dover. They conspire to fall upon the escort and carry off the King. A ship is required to convey Charles abroad when taken, to obtain which Wolf promises the hand of his daughter Mary (Miss Louisa Pyne) to Seymour (Mr. St. Albyn), a buccaneer. Seymour has a lieutenant Drake (Mr. Wallworth), who, under the cloak of obedience, waits to requite his captain for having formerly carried off his betrothed. The Puritans meet in a ruined chapel attached to Middleton Hall, where Colonel Wolf resides with his daughter and Clifford (Mr. Santley), his secretary. Mary Wolf and Clifford are attached to each other. Wolf has chosen Clifford for his secretary, though a Royalist, as his father and himself were friends in boyhood. At the meeting of the conspirators there are two unsuspected listeners—Mary Wolf, who has strayed to the secret door, and Ralph (Mr. George Honey), the comic character of the piece, who, having overheard Seymour observe he would find treasure in the chapel, meaning Mary Wolf, comes in search of concealed gold. The Puritans having sworn their oath of vengeance, hear a noise at the door. Seymour rushes off and brings in Mary. The Roundheads are furious at being discovered, and Seymour making known to them the attachment between Mary and Clifford, they swear that Clifford shall die unless the girl marries Seymour. Mary, to save her lover's life, consents, and takes an oath never to speak of what she has witnessed. Clifford is distracted at learning from Mary that she is about to become the wife of another. Not being able to obtain any clue to this change in her feelings, he is maddened by jealousy.

In the second act King Charles (Mr. Patey) and Rochester (Mr. W. Harrison) seek shelter from a tempest in Middleton Hall, and are received by Clifford. When Colonel Wolf comes in, he perceives, to his surprise and delight, that the King is in his power. The hall is surrounded, and all chance of escape prevented. Clifford alone has leave to quit the mansion unquestioned. The Merry Monarch, who pays court to Mary, in consequence of a wager with Rochester that he would carry her off without discovering his rank, learns from her how unjust he has been towards Clifford, whose father lost life and fortune in his cause. Stung with remorse, he promises that Clifford shall be restored to his estate, and declares himself to be the King. Mary remembers the oath of the Puritans, and determines to save the King's life. She attempts to lead him off by a secret passage, but every outlet is guarded. She conceals Charles on the approach of Clifford, and when the young cavalier is about to take leave of her forever, the King stands before them and endeavors to reconcile matters. Clifford, at first incensed, is ultimately assured of the innocence of Mary, and determines to effect the King's escape at the risk of his own life. Charles and Clifford change cloaks and hats, and the King passes through the guards.

In the last act, on the discovery of the King's escape, Rochester, Clifford, and Ralph are about to be shot, when the Royal troops, headed by the King, break into the hall; Seymour is shot by Drake, and the Puritans are led off to meet their deserved fate. All things are satisfactorily explained, and Clifford is united to Mary.

The opera commences with an overture as remarkable for the brilliancy of the instrumentation as for the felicity of the ideas. The horn movement, above all, with which it opens, is striking and melodious. The introductory chorus, "Here's to wine!" is extremely attractive, and pleased the audience on the threshold. The overture, by the way, was loudly applauded and repeated. The comic duet, "I would ask a question," for Ralph and Jessie (Miss Susan Pyne), is written in the composer's most fluent manner, and in his peculiar humorous vein. The ballad of Wolf, "My own sweet child," is after the sentimental pattern, with a florid *cabaletta* for Mr. H. Corri. The comic song for Ralph, "What glorious news is that I've heard," is one of the most original things in the opera. The opening phrase is suggestive of one of the Irish melodies, but all the rest is as new as it is attractive. The accompaniments are racy and full of variety, and the whole song is characteristic and replete with interest. The manner in which the popular air, "The power of love," is hinted at rather than brought in at the end is exceedingly happy. The scene where the Puritans take the oath of freedom, if wanting in grandeur and elevation, is grave and solemn, and towards the conclusion is particularly impressive. In the concerted morceau after the oath there are some happy and telling hits. Mary's appeal, "Wouldst thou see me perish?" is beautifully plaintive, the oboe being employed in the accompaniment with striking effect. So also Mary's response to the oath, "I swear by all



I love," in which a wonderful and fine effect is obtained by one note sustained pianissimo by the choir, while the soprano voice is singing. The ballad for Mary, "Pretty, lowly, modest flower," is one of the gems of the opera. The leading phrase is beautiful, and the florid passage at the termination brilliant and effective. The duet for Mary and Clifford, which constitutes the finale, "Yes, thou must cease to love me," has many felicitous points. The opening movement is extremely melodious, while the Italian grace and flow of the *ensemble*, "Oh! dared I speak," is not likely to escape the least observant listener. Clifford's ballad, "Oh! would that I had died ere now," which follows, created, perhaps, the greatest sensation of the evening. Although a real Balse-sentimental tune, it is new and beautiful, and will be heard all over Europe. With infinite tact and corresponding effect, the composer has made Mary repeat the air in form of a prayer, after Clifford has sunk stupified into a seat.

The second act commences with a recitative and air of a bold character, "How peal on peal of thunder," for Clifford. The trio for Charles, Rochester, and Clifford, "By the tempest overtaken," is characteristic of the situation. The concluding motive is very sprightly. The terzetto, "My welcome also to this roof," allotted to Charles, Rochester and Wolf, is a genuine inspiration. It is succeeded by a vigorous strain for Wolf, "Can it be, do I dream?" which is worked into a turbulent invocation. The duet, "Let the loud timbrel and the trump," would require another Tamburini and Lablache to give it full effect. The song for Rochester, "Though we fond men all beauties woo," is gay and spirited. The long duet between the King and Mary has many points of interest, but it is uselessly elongated. The gratitude of the young girl would have been better expressed in two than two-and-thirty lines. Miss Pyne, whose singing was superlative here, never proved herself a more consummate mistress of the vocal art. Rochester's bacchanalian song, "Let others sing the praise of wine," given with great animation by Mr. Harrison, was one of the hits of the performance. The air is not merely catching, but haunting; the burden is irresistibly quaint; and the very essence of comedy is attained. The ballad, "How well I recollect the night," which Mary addresses to Clifford, is original and beautiful, and is sure to win its way to the highest favor. The duet which follows wants condensation. A charming terzetto follows, "What man worthy of the name," but its effect is dissipated by the long concerted piece which follows. The quatuor, "Ere long death perhaps shall lay me low," is noble and brief, as it should be in the situation. The close of the second act is solemn and striking. Mary, believing Clifford to be the King, laments over his fate; Clifford, aside, calls upon Heaven to give Mary strength to endure the coming blow; while Rochester, under the influence of Bacchus, in snatches of the drinking song, celebrates the good qualities of punch. This scene is conceived and developed with the highest art and skill.

The music of the third act is hardly of equal interest with the other two. The song of Rochester, "Hail, gentle sleep," is smooth and flowing. The scene involving the treachery of Seymour, the discovery of the King's flight, the baffled rage of the Puritans, the confession of Ralph, the examination of Mary, the doom of Rochester, Clifford, and Ralph, and the distraction of Mary, although interesting from a dramatic point of view, is not well adapted for musical purposes. It is too long, and, being all of one tone of sentiment, somewhat monotonous. Certain unison passages given to the conspirators have a powerful effect, and the by-scene between Wolf and Mary, where the daughter pleads to her father for Clifford, is touching and beautiful. Up- roarious applause is obtained nightly by Miss Louisa Pyne in the ballad, "My father dear, though years roll by," in which the splendid singing and unusual energy of the lady completely electrify the audience. The finale is a rondo given to the soprano, brilliant and showy and well calculated to exhibit the perfection of Miss Louisa Pyne's mechanism.

A more triumphant success than that achieved by the *Puritan's Daughter*, we do not remember at the Royal English Opera. To this success almost every artist in the performance more or less contributes. To Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Santley, the chief honors of the execution are due. We never heard Miss Pyne sing more superbly.—Mr. Balfé, indeed, seems to have written instinctively to set off her voice to the greatest advantage. Mr. Santley, too, never sang more nobly or with greater effect. Mr. Harrison was exceedingly humorous as Rochester, and makes great fun in the drinking scenes, and is altogether admirable. Mr. George Honey has an important part in Ralph, and contrives to amuse the audience with his whimsicalities. Miss

Susan Pyne must be complimented for undertaking a subordinate character like that of Jessie, to which, however, she imparts, by her mirth and sprightliness, no ordinary significance.

The band, under the zealous conduct of Mr. Alfred Mellon, we need not say, is thoroughly up to the mark, and the choros are excellent.—*London Musical World*.

### Bach as Organist.

Among composers for the organ, Bach, by unanimous consent, stands the highest; and of all his many contributions to the "King of instruments," the most universally admired are his pedal fugues. J. N. Forkel,\* Bach's biographer, and the intimate friend and correspondent of Charles Philip Emmanuel, the "Patriarch's" second son, although a diligent seeker after Bach's MSS. does not seem to have been acquainted with more than a dozen of the pedal fugues. In alluding to the "grand preludes and fugues with *obligato* pedal,"† Forkel remarks, "the number of these cannot be ascertained; but I believe that it does not exceed a dozen; at least, with all my inquiries for many years, at the best sources, I have not been able to collect more than twelve, the themes of which I will here set down. To these I may add a very artificially composed *Pascaglia*; which, however, is rather for two clavichords and pedal than for the organ."

Subsequent explorers have been more fortunate—adding to the treasures amassed by the industry and research of Forkel almost three times as much as he himself procured—and, among other things, some of the finest of the organ pieces. Kittel, a pupil of Bach, and organist of Erfurt—who had accumulated a very extensive assortment of the unpublished works, which was unfortunately distributed after his death—owned, together with other compositions for the organ, thirteen fugues, with pedal *obligato*, among which we find the grand fugue in G minor, without prelude. The twelve of which Forkel has given a thematic catalogue, are in C minor, A minor, G major, E minor, B minor, C major, D minor, C major, D minor, F major, G minor (not the one so frequently performed by Mr. Best), and the prelude and fugue in E minor, known to every organist. The Set of Six Preludes and Fugues (*Sechs Præliudien und sechs Fugen mit Pedal*), published at Vienna as far back as 1801, were most probably selected from the Forkel and Kittel MSS. How many compositions of the kind Bach really produced it is impossible to guess; but, in all probability, the best of them are printed in the most recent German editions of Grienkerl and others.

If any proof were wanting to show that Bach was one of the greatest organ players that ever lived, these "pedal fugues" would suffice. "His great genius," observes Forkel, "which comprehended every thing, and united everything requisite to the perfection of one of the most inexhaustible of arts, brought organ playing to a height of excellence it had never attained before his time, and will hardly reach again." "The admirable John Sebastian Bach," says another writer,‡ has, at length, in modern times, brought the art of the organ to its greatest perfection; and it is only to be wished that after his death it may not decline, or he wholly lost, on account of the small number of those who will bestow any pains upon it."

"When John Sebastian Bach," says Forkel, "seated himself at the organ, which, when there was no divine service, he was often requested to do by strangers, he used to choose some subject, and to execute it, in all the various forms of organ composition, so that the subject constantly remained the ground-work of his performance, even if he had played, without intermission, for two hours or more. First, he used this theme for a prelude and a fugue, with all the stops. Then he showed his art of using the stops for a trio, a quartet, &c., always upon the same subject. Afterwards, followed Psalm tunes (choral), the melody of which was intermingled in the most diversified manner with the original subject, in three or four parts. Finally, the conclusion was attained by a fugue, with all the stops, in which either another treatment only of the first subject predominated, or one, or, according to its nature, two others were mixed with it. This is the art which old Reinkin, at Hamburg, considered as being already lost in his time, but which, as he afterwards found, not only lived in John Sebastian Bach, but had attained through him the highest degree of perfection."

\* Author of the "Complete History of Music," and other works.

† Life of John Sebastian Bach, with a critical View of his Compositions, page 10.

‡ Quanz, or Quanz—a celebrated player on the flute, who added a key, and other mechanical improvements to the instrument. Quanz was a friend of Handel, and, besides his musical talents, wrote several treatises, which had great reputation in their day.

The foregoing is only a paragraph selected from a long and interesting account of Bach's excellent qualities as a performer on an instrument he loved as much as the clavichord itself; and for which he wrote so many masterpieces. Although the organ fugues are more than a century and a quarter old, they possess all the charm of novelty. Nothing can possibly be more unlike our mighty Handel than his no less mighty contemporary, "the giant of Thuringia." Both the material and the machinery of the two men differ essentially: there is more variety in Handel, but there is more unity in Bach; a freer flow of rhythmic tune in the former, but greater depth of harmony and greater ingenuity of contrivance in the latter.—*London Mus. World*.

### Spohr in London.

One morning, Spohr received a missive which was conveyed to him by his servant, Johanning, in much such terms as these: "M. Spohr is requested to be present at four o'clock to-morrow evening in the closet of the undersigned." Not being acquainted with the signature which followed, and the footman who had brought the letter being unable to inform him on what account his master desired to see him, the extremely susceptible artist replied, in the same laconical style, that he should not be disengaged at the hour appointed. Thereupon a second letter succeeded, couched in less imperative terms than the first. This time it was—"M. Spohr is begged to be good enough to honor the undersigned with a visit, to appoint any hour that may be convenient."

On the day following, Spohr stood face to face with an old man with silvery locks, whose countenance beamed with a friendly smile, and who had stepped out to the head of the staircase to receive him, but could speak no word of either German or French, while Spohr was equally unable to speak to him in English. After standing and looking at each other for some time with mutual embarrassment, the Doctor, that is to say the old man, settled it by taking the composer by the arm and conducting him into a large apartment, the walls of which were, so to speak, tapestried with violins; others, which had been taken out of their cases, were scattered about on the chairs and tables. The Doctor hereupon handing Spohr a bow, and pointing to one of these instruments, the celebrated violinist came to the conclusion that what was wanted of him was that he should give his opinion as to the value of all these fiddles. He had the patience to try them all, one after the other, and after having selected six, he again took them up, one by one, in order to pick out the best. It was by no means a light task, for there were an enormous number of them, and the Doctor handed them every one to Spohr in succession, without letting him off in a single instance. He had observed that our fiddle-fancier had cast the tenderest glances towards one in particular of these instruments, and that his countenance lighted up with the extremest joy every time the master's fiddle-stick was drawn across its strings; and to this very one he assigned the palm of superiority. The Doctor, enchanted with the verdict, not only treated the judge with an improvisation on the *viol d'amore*, but when Spohr bade him farewell presented him with a five-pound note, which the musician laid upon the table, again shaking his head in token of refusal. But the Doctor did not let slip the occasion which soon after presented itself of being equal with him, and paid ten pounds shortly after for a ticket to his concert.

This concert was the most profitable which Spohr had ever given. Almost all the persons to whom he had had letters of introduction, and among them the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Clarence, took stalls, for which some of those wealthy noblemen paid in the most liberal manner. A large proportion of the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts kept their tickets, and as the worst places cost as much as half-a-guinea, and the room, capable of containing about a thousand personas, was crammed, the receipts were magnificent. Add to that, the performers in the orchestra resigned their emoluments, in admiration for the talents of the concert-giver—"out of friendship for me," modestly says the latter. The event thus ushered in under such brilliant auspices was, however, marred by incidents of an alarming nature, and which had a calamitous effect on the health of Dorette, Spohr's cherished companion.

Here let the author of the memoirs speak in his own unaffected language:—"My concert took place on the 20th of June, the day on which Queen Caroline made her entry into London on her return from Italy, to appear before Parliament to answer the charge of adultery. London was divided into two camps; the most numerous, which embraced the middle classes down to the lowest rabble, declared for the Queen. The city was in a state of violent

commotion. The bills of my concert, pasted up at the corners of the streets, had disappeared under immense placards, commanding in the name of the people a general illumination of the city. Johanning came in with the intelligence, that any windows not illuminated would be smashed. My wife, who was, moreover, anxious about her first appearance, trembled at the scenes which were about to be enacted. I endeavored as best I could to reassure her, and I succeeded. My new symphony was executed in a masterly manner, and was even more successful than when it was played for the first time. During the air of Handel which followed, 'Revenge, Timotheous, revenge,' I was in an adjoining apartment, tuning my wife's harp, and afterwards led her into the concert-room. Our duo was about commencing, the audience was subsiding into silence of expectation and listening to the first chords of our performance, when on a sudden, a fearful riot occurred, followed by a cannonade of paving stones against the panes in the windows of the adjoining room, which was not illuminated. The gas with which this apartment was lighted was quickly turned on. The mob, satisfied with the victory which had crowned this demonstration, moved onwards, vociferating cries of delight. All at last resumed their places, and tranquility was sufficiently restored to permit us once more to begin. I was afraid lest emotion should have an injurious effect on Dorette's playing, and awaited her first chords with anxiety, but they sounded full and vigorous. Our success increased after each part of the duo, and at the end the applause seemed never likely to cease. As we descended from the platform, delighted with our triumph, neither of us had any suspicion that it was our last in common. —*London Musical World.*

**CHRISTMAS-EVE SERVICES AT TRINITY CHURCH.**—A large attendance testified to the interest of the public in this ancient temple of worship. Its Christmas decorations are perfect successes and well suited to the massive proportions of the edifice they adorn. Above the altar an evergreen cross is erected, lit with tapers; on both sides of the chorister's stall stand two imposing pine trees, while the entire chancel is adorned with laurel and evergreens. Suspended from the beak of the dove is a handsome star and cross, while the columns and each entrance to the aisles are embowered in all the emblematical shrubbery of Christmas.

The church was thrown open at 2½ o'clock, at which hour the Christmas Festival of the school children was celebrated. Mr. James Ayliffe rang out upon the musical chimes of eight bells, the ensuing programme:

Evening Hymn; a Concerto in rondo form, with various modifications in major and minor keys; Portugal Hymn; Evening Bells; Christmas Carol; Vesper Hymn.

At the conclusion of the bell-ringing the children, numbering about three hundred and fifty, entered and were seated near the chancel. Mr. Cutler performed a stirring voluntary upon the organ as the clergy and choristers entered from the robing room to their usual seats. The services commenced with a Christmas carol, a species of choral exercise only too rare in this country. The choir solo was sung by Master Hopkins, and the chorus by the choir and the Sunday School children. When it ceased, the organ pealed forth the air in lordly volume, and as its tones died away, the chimes took up the theme and flung out upon the busy city the glad notes of "Hosanna to King David's Son."

Among the clergy who officiated in the service were the Rev. Dr. Vinton, the Rev. Dr. Ogilvy, the Rev. Mr. Farrington, and the Rev. Mr. Greenleaf of Cincinnati.

Evening prayer with full choral service was performed, and an address delivered to the children by the Rev. Dr. Ogilvy. At its conclusion the Christmas Tree Carol was sung, and the clergy and choristers proceeded to examine the tree; the doors of the larger porch were rolled back, to disclose a tree fifty feet in height, bearing wonderful fruit in the shape of varied gifts, and sparkling with tapers. A large table was laden with presents also, which were distributed to choristers and children, something for each and all.

To-day, at 11, there will be a full choral service, the one chosen being Kempton in B flat, and the anthem comprising selections from the Messiah. Chimes will be rung at half-past ten, in this order:

Ringling changes on eight bells; Samson, from Handel's chorus; "Then round about the stary Heavens"; Sicilian Mariner's Hymn; Playful's Hymn; Christmas Carol; Ringling the Chimes; Old Hundred.

At the conclusion of morning service, the poor of the parish will be served with poultry and other substantial gifts for their Christmas Feast.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—On Sunday evening, Dec. 22, a concert was given in the new and very beautiful Catholic Church, St. Michael's, by Mr. J. H. WILCOX, organist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, and his admirable choir. The programme was well chosen, and the performance, as a whole, was very fine.

### PART FIRST.

1. Introduction, Organ.....Mr. J. H. Wilcox
2. Chorus, Magnificat.....Emmerig
3. Song, Ave Maria.....Cherubini
4. Bass Solo and Chorus of Male voices.....Mozart  
Solo by Mr. Janzen.
5. Quartet, Benedictus.....Von Weber  
Miss Washburn, Miss Flynn, Mr. Langmaid and Mr. Powers.
6. Christmas Song.....Adolphe Adam  
Mr. S. Tuckerman.
7. Soprano Solo and Chorus, Kyrie Eleison.....Haydn  
Solo by Miss Washburn.

### PART SECOND.

1. Organ Solo.....Mr. J. H. Wilcox
2. Song, Ave verum.....Stradella  
Mr. P. H. Powers.
3. Christmas Hymn, Adeste Fideles.....Arranged by Novello  
Soli, Miss Washburn, Miss Flynn, Mr. Gardham, Mr. Mooney
4. Song, Gratias agimus tibi.....Guglielmi  
Miss Washburn.
5. Soprano Solo and Chorus, Credo.....Von Weber  
Solo by Miss Washburn.
5. Song, If with all your hearts.....Mendelssohn  
Mr. Langmaid.
7. Recitative and Chorus, from the Messiah.....Handel  
Miss Washburn and Chorus.

An intelligent audience of about 2,000 persons, representing all classes in Springfield, was in attendance and enjoyed the music highly. Mr. Wilcox showed his usual skill in exhibiting the instrument and in his accompaniments. He was obliged frequently to make long delays on single pedal notes to gain time for arranging his stops, as the organ (costing \$3,000 and having 31 stops and 1427 pipes, large scale,) has only two banks of keys.

The singing was unequal. Miss WASHBURN, a well cultivated Soprano, sang finely in all her pieces, with greater mechanical skill than expression, however, we thought. In the "Gratias agimus tibi" she completely enraptured her audience. Mr. POWERS, who has a rich bass voice, sang the "Ave verum" of Stradella artistically, and the accompanying *viol d'amour* stop of the organ was so managed as to produce really new and striking effects. Mr. JANSEN, too, exhibited a rich bass voice, and sang well in the piece by Mozart: but the chorus of male voices was less satisfactory. The whole Chorus was small, but good, their best performance being the *Kyrie* by Haydn. The *Benedictus*, by Von Weber, is a very beautiful composition, quite *sui generis*, and was charmingly done.

The performance closed with the Pastoral Symphony and following pieces from "The Messiah": Miss Washburn sang "There were Shepherds," &c. beautifully; but before she finished she allowed ambition to carry her too far, and by altering the music for the worse, marred the effect. The Chorus "Glory to God" was well done.

Mr. Wilcox tried to "play out" the audience with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," but though the music seemed out of place, and was poorly played, for him, it failed of its purpose, for the people remained and listened to the last note. Mr. W. and his choir would be welcomed if they should again visit Springfield. SCHMIDT.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DEC. 27.—We are having a week of concerts. Sunday evening, Mr. J. L. Wilcox of Boston exhibited the organ recently erected in the new Catholic church, and with his choir (from the church of the Immaculate Conception), gave a sacred concert. We were unable to attend, but have no doubt that Mr. Wilcox fully sustained his reputation as a brilliant organist. The organ was built at the factory of the Messrs. Hook at a cost of \$3,000, and is a noble instrument, in every respect up to the standard of their house. It

has two manuals from C C to G in alt, and two octaves of pedals from C C C to C. We append a specification of stops.

*Great Organ.* Open Diapason, Melodia and Stop Diapason Bass, Dulciana treble, Dulciana bass, Bourdon, Viol d'amour, Flute a cheminée, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sesquialtra (4 ranks), Trumpet.

*Suelt Organ.* Open Diapason, St. Diapason treble, St. Diapason bass, Keraulophon, Bourdon, Flute Harmonique, Principal, Flageolet, Cornet, Oboe, Trumpet treble, Trumpet bass.

*Pedal Organ.* Double Open Diapason, Double Dulciana, Violoncello.

*Couplers &c.* Swell to Pedals, Great to Pedals, Swell to Great.—Tremulant, Bellows Signal, Pedal Check.

The whole number of registers, thirty-three.

The exhibition of this organ was followed Monday evening by a concert by Dodge.

The event of the week of most interest to a Springfield audience, however, was the concert of Wednesday evening, given for the benefit of the volunteers, by a club composed of the best of our talented, both professional and amateur, with Mr. L. G. CASSARES as director. The programme was a long one—too long, in fact. Just think of twenty-one pieces, with a liberal sprinkling of patriotic songs, every one of which the audience seemed to have conscientious scruples against allowing to pass without encores! Had the old word-master, who wrote—

—"If music be the food of love,  
Then give me surfeit,"

been present, his wish would have been so fully gratified and he so overfed that he never would have "asked for more." The number of pieces was not only large, but many of them were uncommonly lengthy, abounding in interminable repetitions. This was noticeably the case with one song, "composed expressly for this occasion," in which the words:

—"Hush! soldier, 'twas heaven's decree,  
We must bury him there by the light of the moon!"

were iterated and reiterated—to make a cautious estimate—twenty times. It seemed as if the "soldier" would never comprehend his orders. At first they were given out in moderate time, but this was after a while changed to very slow time, as if in endeavors to impress the idea upon his benighted understanding. This still proving unavailing, "double quick" was substituted and the desirable consummation at last reached, much to the relief of the audience. One young lady expressed the utmost solicitude, lest the moon should go down before the order could be executed!

The programme contained an unusual number of solos and duets,—so many that it would be impossible to notice any but the most commendable. We shall, of course, consider amateurs without the pale of criticism, and speak only of professional musicians. Mrs. Wells was queen among the soloists, and sang the soprano of the first movement of the duet from Verdi's "Masnadieri" splendidly. She was in excellent voice and we never heard her sing better. With the last movement of the duet, as well as the Allegro of "Ernani Involami," we were not quite as well pleased, the distinctness so necessary to the rendering of rapid passages being sometimes wanting. She sang the latter as if fatigued, but fully redeemed herself by her heart-stirring singing of the "Marseillaise." This glorious old war song rang out with such an inspiring effect, the chorus responding, as it should, in solid unison, that we could easily understand how the impulsive French were fired by it to dethrone kings and reconstruct empires. Mrs. Wells has the soul of a true artist, and does not consider the mere correct singing of notes the only essential to a proper rendering of music. Music is emotional, and in order to affect others, it is manifestly indispensable that the singer should herself be deep



# Chopin's Mazurkas.

13

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Key signature: three sharps (F#, C#, G#). Time signature: 3/4. Dynamics: *p* (piano) in the first measure, *fz* (forzando) in the fifth measure, and *fp* (forzando piano) in the sixth measure. Pedal markings: "Ped." under the fifth measure, and asterisks (\*) under the sixth, seventh, and eighth measures.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *Decres.* (decrescendo) in the fifth measure. Pedal markings: "Ped." under the first and third measures, and asterisks (\*) under the second, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth measures.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *Sotto voce.* (sotto voce) in the first measure, and *Sempre legato.* (sempre legato) in the third measure. Pedal markings: "Ped." under the first and third measures, and asterisks (\*) under the second, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth measures.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p Dol.* (piano, dolce) in the fifth measure. Pedal markings: "Ped." under the first, third, fifth, seventh, and ninth measures, and asterisks (\*) under the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth measures.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f* (forte) in the fifth measure, *Con forza.* (con forza) in the sixth measure, *p* (piano) in the seventh measure, and *Rubato.* (rubato) in the eighth measure. Pedal markings: "Ped." under the first, third, fifth, seventh, and ninth measures, and asterisks (\*) under the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth measures.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f* (forte) in the fifth measure, *Cres.* (crescendo) in the sixth measure, *Con forza.* (con forza) in the seventh measure, and *f* (forte) in the eighth measure. Pedal markings: "Ped." under the first, third, fifth, seventh, and ninth measures, and asterisks (\*) under the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth measures.

No. 3.  
Op. 6.—No. 3.

*Vivace.*

First system of musical notation (Measures 1-4). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music is in 3/4 time. The first staff (treble clef) contains the melody, and the second staff (bass clef) contains the accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano). Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (\*) are present in the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation (Measures 5-8). The key signature remains three sharps. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *Dolce.* (dolce). Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (\*) are present in the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation (Measures 9-12). The key signature remains three sharps. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *Cres.* (crescendo). The third staff (treble clef) begins in measure 12.

Fourth system of musical notation (Measures 13-16). The key signature remains three sharps. Dynamics include *Stretto dim.* (stretto diminuendo) and *Risvegliato.* (risvegliato). The music is in 3/4 time.

Fifth system of musical notation (Measures 17-20). The key signature remains three sharps. Dynamics include *p* (piano). The music is in 3/4 time.

Sixth system of musical notation (Measures 21-24). The key signature remains three sharps. Dynamics include *p* (piano). Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (\*) are present in the bass staff.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lower staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a pedaling instruction labeled "Ped.".

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff features a crescendo (*Cres.*) marking. The lower staff contains a series of chords and includes an asterisk (\*) as a performance or editing mark.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lower staff contains two pedaling instructions labeled "Ped." and an asterisk (\*) mark.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff includes a crescendo (*Cres.*) marking and a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff contains a series of chords.

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff includes a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic marking and a pedaling instruction labeled "Ped." followed by an asterisk (\*) mark.



ly affected. Very commendable also was the singing of Miss Crossett in "Qui la roce" from "Puritana;" and here again, too, more especially in the first movement. She has a voice of singular freshness, vocalizes with ease and evidently sings *con amore*. Among other ladies who contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening, we may mention Mrs. Tiffany and Miss Mann. The former sang Mendelssohn's beautiful arioso, "But the Lord is mindful" very sweetly, and it would have been among the most agreeable pieces of the evening if the accompaniment had been played with proper care. It would seem not a difficult thing to understand that the accompaniment to so delicate and charming an air should be played delicately, and not accented (*thumped* is the word) in the manner one frequently hears the melodies in Thalberg's variations. But the ladies were not the only soloists. Few songs were given with more vigor and energy than Mr. C. R. Ladd's "Viva L' America," but in these times the piece ought to be considered objectionable. Millard's music is well enough, but the sentiment "United we stand, divided we fall," is not a very comfortable one to contemplate when we are practically divided—and, besides, threatened with a foreign war. Other gentlemen, among whom were Messrs. C. O. Chapin and J. C. Spooner, sang very acceptably.

Mr. Cassares played the only pianoforte solo of the evening admirably. It was an arrangement (his own, we believe) in which the airs "God save the king" and "Auld lang syne" were transcribed and fantasied—or, as some would say, varied—in the modern style. It deserved and received a hearty encore. His playing is remarkably clean, distinct and precise, and only after he had played enough to have more than fatigued any pianist, did we detect a single false note. His piano—an ordinary square—would have been wholly inadequate to the true rendering of classic music, even if such music were not considered out of place in a popular concert; still we are not alone in wishing that our concert programmes might sometimes contain music, the requisites for the playing of which are something more than mere agility of finger, and the object something above a desire to tickle the ears of listeners. Do not understand us to blame Mr. Cassares for not playing classical music in public; he knows very well how to cater to the popular taste, as his selections, plainly show, and their unbounded success confirms. We only plead that a "respectable minority" ought occasionally to have their taste regarded.

The chorus showed excellent training and reflected high credit upon the conductor. Nearly every thing sung—but especially Bishop's ever-welcome "Tramp Chorus"—was given by one voice, and in excellent style. The *Gloria* from Mozart's 12th Mass may be mentioned as an exception, there being an unchecked tendency to hurry; but we have been informed that this had only a hasty rehearsal. Three of Mendelssohn's Part Songs ("Three National Songs") were sung finely, but, contrary to the original intention, with accompaniment. Meyerbeer's graceful "Pour out your sparkling treasure" was also nicely done, although in this, as well as some of the other choruses, the parts were not well balanced, the soprano and tenor being predominant. The accompaniments to the choruses were elegantly played by Mrs. Hart. We have never seen a more graceful performer upon the pianoforte.

In conducting, Mr. Cassares does not excel as in playing; the strength and decision of beat with which a good conductor controls his chorus, and which makes every movement of the baton eloquent, were lacking. The singers were so much an unit, that little or no conducting was necessary; still, it must not be forgotten that they are to a great extent indebted to Mr. Cassares for this unity. And no less are we all indebted to him for the musical enthusiasm which has been aroused among us, and for his patriotic labors which have resulted in netting a handsome sum for a good cause. R.

ST. LOUIS, DEC. 2.—The third of our series of Philharmonic Concerts was given on Thursday evening last. As usual, the hall, which will seat about 2,000, was literally packed—standing places, as well as seats. These concerts are the rage just now; and, were the Society willing, the tickets could be disposed of at enormous rates. The affairs of the Society are in a very flourishing condition, coming out of the first season with some \$2,000 in the treasury, and having every ticket sold for the series of the second season. Not the least interesting part is the delightful Soirées given semi-monthly by the various members. We claim for St. Louis more first-rate amateur talent than there is in any city of its size in the country. Violinists, flutists, pianists and vocalists without number. The last Soirée was equal, and in many respects, far superior to, nine-tenths of the "Grand Concerts" given here by the celebrated, talented, handsome Signoras, Signors, Fraus and Herrs So-and-So, from all parts of the world "and the rest of mankind."

The programme of the last concert was as follows:

#### PART I.

1. Overture.....Ries
2. Chorus, "Then round about the stary throne," from *Oratorio, Samson*.....Handel
3. Piano Solo, "Jerusalem," (A Lombardi), *Fantasia Tri-*  
*omphale*.....Gottschalk
4. Andante, "From G minor Symphony".....Mozart
5. Recitative and Air, "Sweet form that on my dreamy  
gaze," from *Lurline*.....Wallace
6. Trio and Chorus, "Finale from Norma".....Bellini

#### PART II.

The First Walpurgis Night, or the eve of the first of May.  
Mendelssohn

The soloists selected for this occasion were Mr. Barrill, who rendered the air from "Lurline" charmingly, with taste, precision, and feeling, giving evidence of study and improvement; and Mr. S. M. Brown, who gave us that immensely difficult arrangement of Gottschalk's in his usual style.

The main feature of the programme, however, was the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn. Fears were entertained lest the calibre of this piece was heavier than our Society was able to manage; but they proved groundless, as, under the able management of the conductor, SOBOLEWSKI, who has been indefatigable in his endeavors to bring it out well, having rehearsal after rehearsal, it was magnificently rendered. The orchestra, laboring under their difficult parts, did themselves infinite justice, infusing a life, vigor, and spirit into their performances rarely excelled. Great credit is due the Society for striking at such high game, and attempting a work of this kind; especially as it has achieved a brilliant success. Were I to speak in detail of the various parts, I fear I should be too prosy and tedious, and where all did so well, it would be invidious to mention a few. PRESTO.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 4, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of CHOPIN'S "MAZURKAS."

### Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

Theodor Goerge von Karajan, second in rank of the Officials in the Imperial Library at Vienna, and one of the most distinguished of Austria's living scholars, has recently published a paper in the *Jahrbuch für vaterländische Geschichte*, entitled "J. Haydn in London." It is made up mostly from the well-known authorities, Dies and Griesinger. But not entirely; for several letters, hitherto unknown, written by Haydn from London, have afforded him some new materials, and give us new insight into their writer's personal characteristics. The correspondence

begins, however, two years before Haydn's visit to London and affords a valuable addition to our knowledge of his position and condition during those last of his thirty years of service as Prince Esterhazy's Chapelmaster.

As the prince advanced in years, his annual visit to Vienna appears to have become shorter and shorter, until at length a few weeks in winter was all the opportunity which Haydn had, of moving in that musical circle to which Gluck, Mozart, Salieri, and so many other great men belonged, who had been or still were making Vienna the musical capital of Europe—a circle in which Haydn could move as loftily and worthily as the best.

It is true that for many years Haydn could have found in all Europe no position more to his taste or more to his advantage, in so far as his artistic development was concerned, than that which he held as Prince Esterhazy's chapelmaster in Eisenstadt and Esterhaz (or Estoras, as Haydn writes it). He said many years afterwards to Griesinger: "My Prince was satisfied with all my compositions. I received applause as chief of the orchestra; I could try experiments; observe what increased and what weakened the effect; could therefore correct, add to, leave out, weigh. I was cut off from the world; nobody was at hand to lead me to doubt my own judgment and plague me with advice; so I had to become original." "On the other hand," says Karajan, "one can easily perceive that such a life—extending over a period of thirty years, in a small town, and part of the time in a solitary chateau, must at last become insupportable to a man of Haydn's talents." Yes, indeed, after a lapse of twenty-five years, during which the peasant wagonmaker's son had quietly but surely elevated himself to the foremost position in all the world as composer of instrumental music;—when his "sound had gone out into all lands;" when the multifarious duties of his office, a pleasure to the young man, had become a burden to the man of nearly sixty years; when he had already begun to long for rest and leisure to work out still grander ideas than those on which his fame was formed; when the feeling of exile at Esterhaz was made doubly painful by the thought of Mozart and a new generation of musicians in Vienna, and by the sudden and glorious development of operatic, chamber and orchestral music there, from all which he was cut off; then, indeed the spirit of Haydn began to pant for freedom from the thralldom of his official routine; and this finds expression (for the first time in any published documents) in these letters. It must not, however, be thought that Haydn's condition was in any, even the smallest degree, that of a dependent upon a hard or tyrannical master. It was love for his old prince that enchained him—gratitude for long years of kindness—it was hard that he must so rarely and for such short periods be in Vienna; but to desert his old master that was impossible! Death at length separated them, and gave Haydn his freedom—nought else could have done it.

Karajan's article, which has also been printed separately, begins with a short description of the large building, hard by the Schottenthor (Scotch gate) on the north side of the city proper, known as the "Schottenthor," as it appeared 70 years ago. In this building, in the second story, lived, at that time, a famous physician, a Dr. Geuzin-

ger. "Here was a place," says Karajan, "where of a Sunday men like Joseph and Michael Haydn, Mozart, Dittersdorf, Albrechtsberger, were always welcome to the hospitable table of the doctor—where they played their newest compositions upon the pianoforte to a company of friendly critics—now getting together a quartet, and now producing a Symphony—in short affording enjoyment to a cultivated circle of citizens, which, occasional public performances excepted, as a rule was only to be found in the palaces of the nobles."

Geuzinger had, earlier in life, been physician to Field marshal, the Prince Nicolaus Joseph von Esterhazy, had in this capacity been much in Eisenstadt, and had therefore become acquainted with Haydn—an acquaintance which ripened into strong and lively friendship. Hence, in later years, whenever Haydn was in Vienna—that is, so long as he continued in the active service of Esterhazy—he was expected to dine every Sunday at Geuzinger's.

The Doctor's wife, a von Kayser by birth, was at the time this correspondence begins near her fortieth year (born Nov. 6, 1750) and had been married about seventeen years. They had five children; Josepha (the Peppi of the correspondence) 16 years of age, and Salvina, 4, and three sons, Franz, Peter and Joseph, of 15, 9 and 7 years. Madame Geuzinger, a woman of fine culture, was eminently so in music. She read full scores with ease, and arranged them for the pianoforte. That these arrangements were of real value is proved by the request of Haydn, in one of the letters, that she should send him a complete Symphony thus arranged for publication in Leipzig.

The letters of Haydn are printed by Karajan from the originals; those of Mad. Geuzinger from the first drafts, presented by her with Haydn's. To convey, in an English translation, the queer quaintness of the Austrian German, which makes many passages in these letters very amusing, is not possible; but in other respects—save that the high flying complimentary terms in the addresses and signatures are usually omitted, together with the compliments to the Doctor and others—our translation is as literal as may well be.

The customary "*Euer Gnaden*"—still almost as common as in Haydn's day, especially among the lower classes to all of higher social position, is necessarily translated "*Your Grace*," although it has not the technical value of the English expression. What are we to do in English with such an address as this?

"Hoch und wohlgebohrne,  
"Hochschätzbarste, allerbeste Frau v. Geuzinger!"

Literally,

"High and well-born

Most-highly-treasured, all-best Frau von Geuzinger."

The reader will then be pleased to imagine each letter of Haydn beginning thus or in similar terms, and usually closing with a postscript to this effect: "My most devoted respects to high your Herr Spouse and entire family and the Pater Professor." And now to

#### THE LETTERS.

##### 1.—Madame Geuzinger to Haydn.

Dated VIENNA, JUNE 10, 1789.

Most respected Herr von Haydn!

With your kind permission, I take the liberty of

transmitting to you a pianoforte arrangement of the beautiful Andante of your composition, which is such a favorite with me. I have made this arrangement entirely myself, without the least assistance of my master, and I beg you to do me the kindness to correct anything in it which may not meet your approbation. I hope that you find yourself in the best condition, and have no stronger desire than to see you soon in Vienna, that I may give you new proofs of the respect which I cherish for you.

I remain, with sincere friendship,

Your most obedient servant,

Maria Anna Edle von Geuzinger,  
born Edle von Kaiser.

##### 2.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated ESTORAS, JUNE 14, 1789.

High and well born

Gracious Frau!

In all my correspondence up to this time the surprise of having such a beautiful letter and such kind expressions to read is the most delightful, and still more do I admire that which came with it—the capitally transcribed Adagio, which is so correct that any publisher might put it to press. I should only like to know whether your Grace has arranged it from a score or whether you have been at the astonishing pains of first scoring it yourself from the parts before making the pianoforte arrangement; for in the latter case the compliment is really too flattering, and one that verily I have not deserved.

Most excellent and worthy Frau v. Geuzinger! I await but a hint as to how I can do your Grace some sort of service. Mean time I send the Adagio back, and confidently hope from your Grace some commands to which my small talents may be adequate, and am, with extraordinary and most distinguished respect, &c., &c.

##### 3.—Mad. Geuzinger to Haydn.

Dated Oct. 29, 1789.

I hope you will have duly received my letter of Sept. 15, together with the first movement of the Symphony (of which I sent you the Andante some months since); and herewith follows also the last movement of the same, which I have arranged for the pianoforte to the best of my ability—wishing only that it may please you and most humbly praying you, in case I have made any mistakes, to make at your leisure all needful corrections, which, most estimable Herr von Haydn, I shall at all times receive with heartiest thanks. I pray you have the goodness to inform me whether you received my letter of Sept. 15th, with the piece which accompanied it, and whether it was to your taste, which would be a great satisfaction to me, since I am very anxious and restless about your having received it and not being dissatisfied with it. Hoping the best for your health and prosperity, the assurance of which from you would afford me extraordinary pleasure, I beg the continuance of your friendship and a place in your thoughts, remaining &c. &c.

My husband also sends his respects, &c.

##### 4.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated ESTORAS, NOV. 7, 1789.

I pray your Grace's forgiveness a million times for my long delay in returning your so laborious as excellent work. The last time my dwelling underwent the cleansing process, which took place immediately after the arrival of the first movement, the manuscript was mislaid by my copyists under such a mass of music that not until within a few days past, did I have the pleasure of finding it again—tucked away in an old opera score.

Dearest and most excellent Frau von Geuzinger! Be not angry with a man, who values you above everything. I shall be inconsolable if, owing to this

delay I shall lose anything of your favor (of which I am so proud).

These two movements are just as carefully transcribed as the first was. I wonder only at the pains and patience which your Grace thus expends upon the fruits of my small talents; on the other hand, I assure you, that in my frequent turns of low spirits, nothing so refreshes and enlivens me as the flattering consciousness of your Grace's kind remembrance; for which kindness I kiss your hand a thousand times and in unfeigned respect, remain ever,

Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

#### Christmas Performance of the Messiah.

The zeal of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY was well met by the great crowd of attentive listeners that filled every seat in the Music Hall last Sunday evening. But for the undeniable fact that the poor old music Hall has got to looking very shabby—its delicate sunset-tinted walls and ceiling being about as badly smoked and smutched as Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine chapel—it would have seemed quite like the good old times of half a dozen years ago, when music, to say the least, was far more thought about than war, and civilization was of more account than "cotton." But so soon as the times allow a safe and peaceful passage of our Great Organ over here, which is already finished, its putting up will be a signal for the renovating of those walls, whose blackened aspect now is in keeping with such black and troubled times.

The chorus seats were not quite as full, we thought, as in some oratorio occasions of past years; but this was the result of the good rule, which excludes "dummies" and does not allow any to "assist" in public, who have not borne their part in the rehearsals. There was a goodly number, though, and uncommonly well balanced; and perhaps as prompt, true and effective a mass of voices as the Society has let us hear since our Handel Festival. The arrangement of the forces on the stage was better than it has often been, the orchestra being placed more in the middle of the singers and in part surrounded by them. It will, we are glad to hear, be still further improved, by ranging the soprani in the front line across the stage, contralti behind them, and so on, with the first and second violins, tenors, 'cello's, &c., in line with the voices to which they severally correspond, throwing the wind instruments quite behind all. Thus each class of voices will feel the support of its corresponding part in the accompaniment. This is far better than our old way of placing the orchestra before the singers, obliging them to shout to their audience over a solid wall of instrumental tone. In Berlin, Leipzig, &c., the entire orchestra is placed behind the singers. The orchestra was larger and better than we had dared to hope in these times, when the war makes such draughts upon our musicians. We were reduced, to be sure, to one fagotto, and that of a somewhat uncertain sound; but this could not be said of the trumpet, which sang out admirably in its *obligato* accompaniment to the air: "The trumpet shall sound;" and there was a most efficient row of first violins, including Schultze, Eichberg, Suck, and others. The rehearsals had been thorough, and the whole thing went generally well, although there is much room for improvement; our chorus singers, impatient of that "old world" drill, which cultivates a sensitive ear to what at first seem smallest blemishes, are naturally too apt to think that they



have mastered that with which they have only become familiar. Familiarity is not always knowledge.

One mark of conscientious thoroughness, one not too common here in times past, is certainly to be commended in this getting up of the "Messiah." Not a chorus was omitted; not a concerted piece; nothing in fact, but a piece or two of solo, which is a less important sacrifice to brevity and good hours. This time we heard not only the *Hallelujah*, the "Wonderful" chorus, and the other popular and stirring ones, but also such profoundly beautiful and tender ones as "And with his stripes," the mystical Quartet and Chorus: "Since by man came death," and the exquisite Duet: "O Death, where is thy sting?" (soprano and tenor):—pieces in which Handel betrays a certain affinity for the time being with Bach; pieces, which one grows to love, as his experience of life grows deeper and more serious. Those, too, were among the best rendered pieces of the evening: The great choruses were quite successful, especially the *Hallelujah*; and we were glad that Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN did not, in the "Wonderful" chorus, resort to Costa's cheap expedient for effect at Birmingham, of contrasting whispered *pianissimos* with sudden stunning outbursts on the great words.

In the soprano arias Mrs. LONG was uncommonly happy; in voice, in style, in feeling, her efforts of that night were among her very best; there was sweetness, purity and dignity in all; and she will be much missed in oratorio hereafter, if she adheres to her resolution of retiring from the stage. The airs "Come unto him," "But thou didst not leave," and "How beautiful" were sung by Miss GILSON, a fresh young voice, of silvery sweetness and purity, and with an execution that promises well, albeit a little cold. The "celebrated English tenor," Mr. GUSTAVUS GEARY, does not lack voice, robust and rich and resonant, but he does lack naturalness in his over-refined struggles for expression,—which is peculiarly unfortunate in so pathetic a recitative and air as "Thy rebuke," &c., whose beauty and pathos are nothing, worse than nothing, save as they are simple and unaffected. The bass, Mr. THOMAS, executed his pieces well, with a voice of manly substance, although somewhat hard and dry in quality. Mrs. KEMPTON appeared to labor under a cold; her upper notes were feeble, husky and tremulous, but her deep contralto as rich and warm as ever. In spite of these drawbacks there was much true style and pathos in her singing, especially of "He was despised."

Great applause greeted the announcement by Dr. UPHAM, the President of the Society, that all the performers had volunteered their services for a repetition of the "Messiah," on New Year's afternoon, for the benefit of the "Sanitary Commission." We have not yet heard the result of this patriotic offering.

**CONCERTS COMING.**—The new year starts with fair promise; for the week to come we are to have two good things at least.

1. Wednesday evening, the third Chamber Concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB; when that wonderful Quartet in B flat, of Beethoven's last period, will be repeated, to the great joy, no doubt, of many who enjoyed it before better than they understood it. The programme also contains a Quintet, with *contrabasso*, by Onslow, a Duo Concertante by

Spohr, and two vocal pieces: one from a Psalm by Mendelssohn, the other, Mozart's *Dove sono*, to be sung by Miss PEARSON.

2. CARL ZERRAHN's first of four Philharmonic Concerts is definitively announced for next Saturday evening (Jan. 11), at the Boston Music Hall. The orchestra includes all the best resident musicians. The programme offers first of all, Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," which will be soothing and refreshing in these wintry war times. The *Tannhäuser* overture is not yet voted dangerous to healthy nerves, and if any should be seriously disturbed by it in their sweet dreams of the Past, they will surely find relief in the Finale (orchestral arrangement) of the 1st act of *Don Giovanni*. For further variety, Miss MARY FAY, the brilliant young pianist, will play Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* in B, with orchestral accompaniment, and Thalberg's Introduction and Variations to the Barcarole in *L'Elisire d'amore*.

**ORGAN EXHIBITION.**—We quite forgot, in the hurry of last week, to speak of the exhibition of the new organ in the beautiful new church in Arlington Street (Rev. Dr. Gannett's), which took place on the evening of Dec. 18th. The organ was built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, and is one of the finest specimens of their well known skill and taste. It has plenty of power, a great variety of stops, which are remarkably beautiful singly and blend very richly in the full organ; and the mechanical arrangements work, so far as the hearer could judge, to a charm. We have nowhere heard flutes of more liquid sweetness, or reeds of a more fine and racy flavor. The organ seemed all that one could desire; but why shall an "organ exhibition" always consist of making the organ do all sorts of things except just that which it is designed to do? These endless, aimless wanderings among solo stops, these *potpourris* of operas, popular airs, bits of secular and bits of sacred, strung together upon idle fancies of the moment, may be very well to show the fine qualities of all the stops as well as the skill of the exhibitor,—neither of which do we call in question—but they fatigue and dissipate the mind just when it seeks to be edified and strengthened by the grandest of all instruments voicing the great thoughts of Eternity. If you would show the virtues of an organ, why not play organ music? Give these exceptional things their place, but do not let them usurp all. We do not object to the queer scrolls and monsters carved here and there about a Gothic cathedral; but not to show them, nor to give them shelter, except incidentally, were the sublime proportions of the Cathedral reared.

#### Reports from Various Quarters.

**NEW YORK.**—Respecting the Christmas performance of the "Messiah" we quote from the *Tribune*, if only for the originality of the criticism.

"At Irving Hall on Christmas night. 'The Messiah' of Handel was performed. As but so few of the pieces suit the public taste, being antiquated and devoid of interest either in music or words, it would be better to give extracts from this work, associated with airs and choruses from the oratorios of Haydn, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and some newer names—Costa, for example. Why the public should be drugged with the tooty-tooty violinism of Handel, and the meanest and stupidest form for vocal music, the fugue, by the hour, is not clear. In England, where the worship of old bones is part of the rubric, it does answer—but for a young country with genius—the antique opiate is an overdose.

On the occasion in question, the ladies of the Society presented the conductor, Mr. Bristow, with a medal, and a speech was made reciting his long services to the Harmonic Society. The room was crowded. This Association presents the charm of

young, fresh voices, giving their utterances with enthusiasm."

"Tooty tooty! Mr. Critic (to use your own felicitous expression), how did these 'enthusiastic utterances' accord with stuff so 'antiquated and devoid of interest?'"

**WORCESTER, MASS.**—Christmas week brought not only higher musical flights than usual in plain Protestant churches (a *Gloria* of Mozart, for instance, in the Latin (!), and extracts from the "Messiah,") but also one of those occasions which "Stella" delights always to record—Mr. B. D. ALLEN's musical soirées.

\* \* \* \* \* It took place Saturday afternoon, at Washburn Hall, which was nearly filled with an appreciative audience. The programme was excellent; so, too, its performance. It opened with Haydn's *Trio*, *far piano*, violin and violoncello, No. 9; a work as full of hopeful aspiration as youth itself; and rendered by Messrs. Allen, Burt, and Stearns with due taste and skill. The Beethoven *Sonata* for piano and violin, op. 30, No. 3, was a leading feature. It is a work purely Beethoven's own, full of rich and brilliant fancies, finely brought out by Mr. Catlin's violin and Mr. Allen's piano-playing. Miss Whiting sang the *Cradle Song* from the *Christmas Oratorio*, one of the quaintly beautiful "airs for an alto voice" which are introducing "glorious old Bach" to our better acquaintance. The song is a gem; its accompaniment a worthy setting. Miss Whiting sang it well; also the charming little songs of Mr. Allen's composition, "When the twilight weeps"—which has a soft, subdued tone of twilight beauty such as breathes through Turner's evening skies; and "There sits a bird on every tree," a glad burst of song fresh and pleasing. Perhaps the finest performance was Mr. Allen's playing of the *Polonaise* of Chopin, op. 41. He gave it in all its stern, uncompromising grandeur, and with an effect that must have sent a thrill through the heart of his listeners. Truly indeed we heard, as Liszt says, "the firm and heavy tread of men, advancing with the consciousness of courage against every turn of fate." Such music as this of the gifted young Pole comes home to us now in these our days of peril. The Mendelssohn Choral Society sang Miriam's "Song of Triumph," a fine work, full of Schubert's impassioned earnestness and dramatic force. In the large upper Hall the choruses would have told with fine effect, particularly the fugue at the close. We hope to hear it again. The programme closed with Mozart's *Trio* for piano, violin and viola, a work celebrated for the matchless originality and beauty of its *minuetto* movement. It formed a fitting close for a musical feast refreshing at any time; doubly, trebly so now. STELLA.

**NEW BEDFORD, MASS.**—The third musical entertainment by the Choral Union, at the Lyceum, on Thursday evening, Dec. 26, consisted of the first two parts of "The Creation"—a good idea that, of leaving off the sentimental sweetish Adam and Eve part! Mr. A. T. THORUP conducted. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club (of Boston), with a pianist, formed the orchestra. Mr. A. B. Winch, of Taunton, assisted. The performance was spirited, we are told, and the audience the largest of the season.

**MEXICO.**—The Philadelphia friends of the sisters Fanny and Agnes Heron will be glad to learn that the report of their capture by the reactionists in Mexico, is incorrect. Recent letters from them report that are singing with immense success at Guanajuato, with an opera company, of which Albert Maretzek is the manager, his brother Max having divided his forces and taken the other artists to Vera Cruz. During their Mexican tour, the sisters Natali, and Signor Testa, the husband of Fanny, have sung in twenty-seven different operas, including, besides those they formerly appeared in, *Marta*, *La Traviata*, *Le Prophète*, *Stradella*, *Marco Visconti* and *William Tell*. They have engagements which will probably prolong their stay in Mexico through the whole of the coming winter.—*Evening Bulletin*.



## Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the Grand Opera, during the first week in December, "*l'Etoile de Messine*" was twice played. Gluck's *Alceste* again drew a crowd. For an "extraordinary" entertainment, the *Huguenots* was given. A piece by Alary, "*La Voix humaine*," was on the carpet.—At the Opera Comique, Mme. Ugaldé made her reappearance as Virginia in "*Le Caid*." The *Postillon de Longjumeau* seems disposed to keep the stage all winter; and Auber's *Sirène* and *Haydee* have taken their turns twice in successive weeks. Two new comic operas, by Lefébure-Wely and by Delphin Balleyguier, are in preparation.—At the Italians, Mme. Marietta Guerra made her debut as Gilda in *Rigoletto*; and during the same week *Auna Bolena* was sung three times; Mlle. Battu and Mme. Alboni were warmly received.—At the Théâtre Lyrique, *Jaguarita* had its one hundredth representation. A two-act opera by M. Jules Beer was to be put in rehearsal.

In the sixth "Popular Concert of Classical Music" Haydn shared the honors with Beethoven. The Scherzo of Beethoven's Symphony in F, and the Largo of Haydn's in D were redemanded. The programme of the 7th concert (Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2 P. M., in the Cirque Napoléon) contained: Symphony in E♭ by Mozart; flute fantasia on *Oberon*; overture to *Melusina*, Mendelssohn; Andante (Hymn) and variations from Quartet, op. 76, by Haydn, executed by all the strings of the orchestra; Symphony in C minor, Beethoven. A new series of 8 concerts, still under the direction of M. Padeloup, is announced.—On the 8th a grand Mass, by Gounod, was to be sung in the church St. Eustache by 400 Orphéonists; and on Monday, the next day, at the Madeleine, the annual Mass of the Philanthropic Association of artists of the Imperial Academy of Music; a Mass by M. Dietsch, under his own direction, and an unpublished *Benedictus* and *O Salutaris* by Auber, were to be performed by the orchestra and choruses of the Academy, numbering 300 artists; the soli by MM. Faure, Michot, Casaux, Marié, Mlle. Sax, and a child belonging to the choir, endowed, it is said, with a remarkable voice. The grand organ to be played by M. St. Saens.

BERLIN.—Adelina Patti made her debut at the Royal Opera in the first week of December, in the *Sonnambula*, with the most brilliant success.—Prof. Wilhelm Hensel, painter to the Court since 1828, who married Fanny, the sister of Felix Mendelssohn, is dead; he was 68 years old.—The Dom Chor has given its first concert of the season, the programme being composed, as usual, of sacred pieces by old Italian and German masters, sung *a capella*, without the aid of instruments. A chorus by Vittoria made a profound sensation by the elevation of its style; German art was represented by a motet for eight voices by Sebastian Bach; they sang also a *Qui tollis* by Caldera, and compositions of Gumpelsheimer and Eccard.

LEIPZIG.—In the 7th Gewandhaus Concert an unpublished violin Concerto by Rubenstein was played acceptably by Becker of Mannheim. In the same concert an ensemble piece from *Uthal*, an opera, by Méhul, was given. In this opera the French composer makes no use of the violin, but restricts himself to the bass and alto.

COLOGNE.—The principal feature of the third concert in the Gürzenich hall was the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn. Two ms. works were played the same evening, viz: Gade's *Hamlet* overture, and an *Ave verum* by Brahms, which obtained a success *d' estime*.

VIENNA.—George Hellmesberger, professor of music in the Conservatoire of Vienna, director of the orchestra in the Court Opera, and leader of the famous Quartet party, has been decorated with the golden cross of merit, &c., &c.—Joachim will not come to Vienna this winter; he will wait, says the *Musik. Zeitung*, for more "peaceable international relations."

HANNOVER.—In the second subscription concert Mme. Clara Schumann played Mozart's C minor Concerto.

BREMEN.—On the 20th November the "Artists' Union" performed some of Handel's compositions for stringed instruments, flute, oboe and bassoon (composed in 1716-1720), under the direction of Reinthaler.—Aimé Maillart's operetta, *La Clochette de l'Ermitte*, has been played here eight times.

FRANKFURT AM MAIN.—The Liederkrantz has given a concert for the benefit of the Mozart institution, founded and endowed by it.—In the second concert of the Museum, Marie Cravelli and Hans von Bülow, the Berlin pianist, took part; the latter played a Concerto of Beethoven and a Tarantella by his father-in-law, Liszt.

DRESDEN.—Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* has proved so successful, that it is to be followed up by the *Iphigenia in Aulis* and the *Alceste*.—Mme. Maria Theresa Rietz, wife of the Capellmeister, died on the 13th November.

MILAN.—The principal artists engaged at La Scala for the Carnival of 1861-62, are: *Prime donne*: Mmes. Czillag, Colson, Talvo; *tenors*: Graziani and Negrini; *baritones*: Beneventano and Morelli-Ponti. For novelties will be given: Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, not yet heard in Milan; *Mormile*, an opera written expressly for the Scala by Sig. Braga; *Uscocco*, by Petroccini; *Ione e Morosina*, by Petrella; and *Don Sebastian*, by Donizetti.

TURIN.—The Carnival season at the Teatro Regio will be inaugurated by Meyerbeer's *Il Profeta*. The singers so far engaged are Mmes. Borghi-Mamo, Carozzi-Zacchi, and Casimir Ney, for *prime donne*; MM. Alboni, Bianchi, Cantoni and Higelli, tenors; Morelli and Saccomano, baritones.

BOLOGNA.—Gli *Ugonotti* is still in great favor. Mme. Barbot and the tenor Bartolini are remarkable in the parts of Valentine and Raoul.

ROME.—A new opera by Pedrotti, *Isabella d' Aragon*, has been well received. The principal interpreters, MM. Sarti and Storti, as well as Mme. Giuli are highly praised.

PALMA DI MAJORCA.—Flotow's *Marta* has met with complete success here.

MADRID.—La Grange has already sung in six different operas. Bettini is singing on the same stage in the *Ballo in Maschera*.

HAVANA.—There is quite an operatic carnival at present at the Tacon Theatre, the Volpin troupe have given *Nabuco* with a new *prima donna*, Bassegio, who met with a great success. Eliza Kennet, the English girl who has for several years been highly popular in Italy, has appeared in *Lucia*, and Madame Masson in *Travatore*, Muzio acts as conductor. The Ghioni and Maccaferri company have also been singing at Havana in the *Due Foscari*, in *Ernani* and in *Norma*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Maggie Gray. Song and Chorus. G. A. Cargill. 25

A pleasing trifle, written in the popular style.

Flag of our heroes. Song. C. E. Kimball. 25

A stirring patriotic Song.

Only for thee. Ballad. Geo. Linley. 25

Evidently written in imitation of the popular "Ever of thee," to which ballad Linley wrote the words, and hardly less beautiful.

The Patriot's Chorus. J. W. Morris. 25

An energetic, stirring Chorus, to eloquent words.

Somebody is waiting for me. S. J. St. Leger. 25

One of those pleasant, semi-comic ballads, rarely met with, which the nicest taste can find no fault with. It is a ladies' Song.

O leave me not, my darling one. E. G. B. Holder 25

A fine ballad for a Tenor voice.

A voice from the old church bell. Quartet. S. R. Whiting. 15

Suggested to the author, who is Bandmaster in a Maine regiment by the sight of an old church on the Fairfax Road in Virginia, now a deserted, and dilapidated ruin. The music is simple, but very appropriate.

#### Instrumental Music.

Donna Julia. Valse romantique. H. Laurent. 25

One of the best of the English school of Waltzes, highly popular abroad. The piece has a handsome illustrated title-page.

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An easy Valse, introducing the air of the popular Song, "Juanita." Like all of D'Albert's Music it is excellent to dance by.

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Rather easy. Good for instructive purposes.

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A very pretty new composition—not difficult—from the author of the Gondellied, Sounds of love, and numerous other pieces, original and arrangements, which are in every player's hands.

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A new original composition, whose captivating melody, adorned with those delicate embellishments, for which this author is distinguished, will soon make it a general favorite in the drawing-room.

#### Books.

ORATORIO CHORUS BOOK. 75

This handsome Octavo volume of 188 pages will be found to be a most desirable acquisition to the libraries of Musical Societies, choirs and amateurs. In a neat and compact form the best choruses of the best Oratorios are certainly cheap at the price of this collection, and within the reach of all; besides this, the greater convenience of use arising from having the choruses in a single volume and thus not being obliged to handle over half a dozen or more books is a recommendation in favor of this new work which will not be overlooked by singers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

